

# Good Morning

97

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## I get around

THE ingenuity of the Cairo Arab dealer has certainly been reborn, if reports from friends in the Army are accurate.

A cafe bears the sign, "Excellent intoxicating beverages special for his Britannic Majesty's Forces at regulated prices."

Several of Cairo's innumerable native guides have produced guide-books in English. One says: "I will show you where Moses was found in the bullrushes. I know the very spot. I also drive automobiles. I charm snakes. I am archeologist."

A perfumier describes himself as a "dealer in Oriental odours."

Another sign says: "Joe's investigation service. Inquiries, pursuits, investigations, burglary, fires, accidents. Give us a trial."

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MRS. ELLEN BEDFORD, aged 78, of Cromer Road, Strood, near Rochester, has received a form to register for employment. She filled it in and sent it back.

Now she has been asked by the Labour Exchange either for her birth certificate or for details of her birth.

"TOTAL WAR."

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FROM New York I hear that Miss Helen Jacobs, former Wimbledon lawn tennis champion, and now a lieutenant in the "Waves," has in her care six hundred girls.

"She never talks tennis to anyone," my informant adds.

For a year before joining the Navy she had been lecturing, chiefly in Kentucky, on air raid precautions. She has remained in touch by mail with several British tennis players, from whom she learned much of actual bombing conditions.

When the war broke out Miss Jacobs was in Kentucky, but sold her farm when she began war work.

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LEAST suspected and highly dangerous among the afflictions of modern life is the disease pyorrhoëa.

It may be present in the gums of the patient for a long time before he knows it. Even then, if he is careless, it may progress further before he finds treatment necessary.

A few years ago a negro doctor of science named George Washington Carver created a sensation by the number of products he manufactured from peanut shells and oil. Films, digests, newspapers, hailed his discoveries equally. Now he has come back into the news—with an anti-pyorrhoëa drug. In his Tuskegee laboratory he worked on another common fruit, to see what it might bring forth.

It was the humble, homely persimmon, which grows in wild profusion down Alabama way, where Dr. Carver lives.

The negro researcher boiled it down and mingled its juice with other ingredients to form a powerful liquid astringent.

This, he announced, was an anti-pyorrhoëa drug—but he wanted wide, independent tests

By  
RONALD  
RICHARDS

of his discovery carried out before it was marketed.

An organisation of negro physicians is now making these tests.

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THE reason for the mutiny on the German U-boat which was captured off Brazil some months ago was, I hear, over the five Greek prisoners whom the commander proposed leaving to perish when a time bomb exploded.

When the British destroyer came alongside the Germans scrambled aboard, leaving the Greeks below deck. The five Germans who tried to save them were shot dead by their commander.

Nice people!

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WHEN Mrs. A. Maizel, of Albion Gate, Hyde Park, London, opened a parcel from her son in the Middle East recently, a large swastika flag fell out.

This was explained to me the other day by Mrs. Maizel when I enquired about her rather strange door mat.

"What else could it be used for?" she asked.

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"BOOKS for rabbits" is the slogan of the boys of local Senior School during the book drive at Northwood, Middlesex.

The headmaster offered the boys a sack of hay for their rabbits in return for a sack of books, provided the boys cut down their own hay.

Now the field is stubble.

Don' look aroun' now, but Ah t'ink we'se bein' watched!



"Look—it's those saucy submariners again!"

## Home Town News

### CANADIAN CLUB.

TALKING of food is a reminder that there has just been opened in Princes Street, Edinburgh, with a marvellous view of the Castle, a club for members of the Canadian Forces by the Canadian Legion. Vincent Massey, High Commissioner for Canada, who wrote "Welcome" on the mat the first day, told this story: There were two members of a certain Canadian

Highland Regiment. One had Czech ancestry and the other's forbears were German. Said the former, "Buddie, when we're next on leave we'll go to Edinburgh. I've heard tell that they sure do us Scotch folks well."

Incidentally, the club is going to make a feature of waffles and doughnuts, and hopes to get "lashings" of syrup for the waffles, because that's how

Canadians like them. Other club amenities include a concert room, a dance hall, a sun-bathing lounge, a saloon, a well-equipped kitchen and a drying room. Do not mistake the purpose of the last-mentioned. Only soft drinks are on sale. Coca-cola is the star turn in that line, and does it surprise you to know that the manufacture of it has become a new Scottish industry? 'Sfact!

### WALES LOOKS AHEAD.

WALES is getting ready to provide many thousands of open-air jobs for the boys after demobilisation. . . Every Welsh mineworker knows that before the war most of the timber used underground came from France. To-day home forests are supplying it all. One-third of the country's forestry is in Wales. Many of the hillsides in the valleys have been denuded of timber, but new plantings have been active and plans are under way to create new forests near pits. Mr. "Dai" Grenfall, M.P., who was a member of the Forestry Commission for 13 years, is watching to see that Wales gets a square deal in these forestry plans, which will provide a new type of work in the valleys.

### HAIR-RAISING SITUATION.

RECENTLY in the mining village of Murton, Co. Durham, many of the men were to be seen walking about with long hair and bushy beards.

It wasn't because they had no time for a hair-cut or shave, it was just that Murton, a village of 8,700 inhabitants, was without a hairdresser—and some of the men were without razor blades.

There are only two hairdressers in the village and both were taking a well-earned rest after working without a break for many months. They had a tough job when they got back. Murton had kept its hair on.

### HEARD IT?

THE Commander encountered a rating proceeding in corkscrew fashion along the pavement. As he passed he returned the rather shaky salute, and asked consolingly, "Bottled?"

It was with great determination that the rating replied, "No, sir; on draft!"

## AGAIN—HE'S IN CAPTIVITY



NOT so long ago, Telegraphist J. A. Hadley, of the submarine branch, was a prisoner-of-war in Italian hands.

Now, as our picture shows above, he is in captivity again. Repatriated, and back in England again, he was married recently to Miss Kathleen Bull, at the Register Office of Lewisham. His bride is employed at the Air Ministry.

The readers of "Good Morning," we are sure, will join us in wishing the bride and bridegroom every happiness in this group-up and hope that they may go ahead together through many joyous years.

(Editor's Note). — We want wedding pictures of submariners or of their families. If you have a wedding ahead, tell the folks at home to send us pictures, or tell us in advance when and where the event will take place.

## WIGAN PIER—IN FACT!

Wigan Pier is busy with war-time shipping. This is not a joke. It is not even funny. For whatever music hall comedians and ill-informed people have thought and said for years, there is a real honest-to-goodness pier right in the heart of Wigan's industrial area.

Originally the pier used to be

a wooden structure jutting out from the river bank. See that kind of hump on the bank in one of the pictures? Well, that's one of the most famous bits of earth in the British Isles: it's where Wigan's old-time pier used to join the mainland!

Now look at the other picture. That is Wigan's present "pier."

Alongside is one of the town's fleet of barges safely in "port" after a two days' voyage from Blackburn.

No, we're not screwy; we're still dead serious.

Wigan Pier, on the river Douglas, may not be a second Liverpool or Cardiff, but it has its regular war-time "sea" traffic. They say it takes years to become an inland seaman. It's a job that runs in families. Humorists call the riverman a sailor who never goes to sea. The river man has his reply. He will tell you that a sailor could never run a barge and dock at Wigan.

And that is no more a joke than the existence of Wigan Pier.



The "hump" on the right bank of the river where Wigan's old-time pier, a wooden structure, used to join the mainland.

The present Wigan Pier, where the barges on war work tie up for fresh cargoes after carrying vital coal to the munition factories in various parts of Lancashire.





Periscope  
PageWANGLING  
WORDS—59

1. Place the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after ICIP, and make a word.
2. Mix FLEET and SNOOK to make a Southern town.
3. Change WHAT into NEXT, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration.
4. Change in the same way: FOG into SUN, SHOW into BOAT, MUST into WONT.
5. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word MARYLEBONE?

Answers to Wangling  
Words—No. 58

1. DESUETUDE.
2. PETERSFIELD.
3. BIRD, BARD, BARE, CARE, CURE, CURS, FURS, FURY, BURY, BUSY, BUSH, LOAF, LOAD, GOAD, GOAT, BOAT, BOLT, BOLE, ROLE, ROLL.
4. FUEL, FURL, PURL, PURE, SURE, SIRE, FIRE, POST, LOST, LIST, MIST, MINT, PINT, PANT, PANE, PALE, PALL, PAIL, MAIL.
5. 4. Pane, Pant, Pine, Cone, Chic, Cane, Pain, Tone, Time, Note, Tent, Pent, Pint, Chin, Chat, Chit, Cote, Coat, Than, Thin, Pith, Path, etc.
6. China, Chain, Paint, Thane, Cheap, Panic, Paten, Tenon, Teach, Cheat, Conch, Catch, Coach, Patch, Thine, Ethic, Peach, Poach, Catch, etc.

QUIZ  
For today

1. What is (a) an ounce, (b) another ounce?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Pit," (b) "The Pit and the Pendulum"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Piano, Oboe, Harp, Violin, Cello, Lyre?
4. When is the moon at the apogee?
5. What and where is Blubberhouses?
6. What is the maximum weight of an amateur fly-weight boxer?
7. What is meant by exotic?
8. Why is the Hollyhock so called?
9. Who was Uncle Remus?
10. A pyrometer is a kind of: Weathercock, tape-measure, thermometer, balance, watch?

Answers to Quiz  
in No. 96

1. The third stomach of a cow.
2. (a) Walter Scott, (b) G. B. Shaw.
3. Piano; the others are wind instruments.
4. 1849.
5. In Upper Bavaria.
6. Milan; it covers 103 acres.
7. A cave dweller.
8. A herb like an onion.
9. A character in Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"
10. A third of an inch.
11. Marconi.
12. 1,125 yards.

## ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

- My first is in STRAWBERRIES, not in CREAM.  
My second's in ROLLER, but not in STEAM.  
My third is in TROOPSHIP, yet not in CRAFT.  
My fourth is in DEADWEIGHT as well as DRAUGHT.  
My fifth is in LOOK-OUT, not in WATCHER.  
My last's not in DUFFER, but is in TOP-NOTCHER.

(Answer on Page 3)

## TYPEE

At last, half wild with terror and indignation, I succeeded in breaking away from the three savages, and fled towards old Marheyo's house, pursued by the indomitable artist, who ran after me, implements in hand. Kory-Kory, however, at last interfered, and drew him off from the chase.

This incident opened my eyes to a new danger; and I now felt convinced that in some luckless hour I should be disfigured in such a manner as never more to have the face to return to my countrymen, even should an opportunity offer.

These apprehensions were greatly increased by the desire which King Mehevi and several of the inferior chiefs now manifested that I should be tattooed. The pleasure of the king was first signified to me some three days after my casual encounter with Karky the artist.

E	S	T	O	N	I	A
F	I	N	L	A	N	D
A	U	S	T	R	I	A
B	E	L	G	I	U	M
A	L	B	A	N	I	A
H	U	N	G	A	R	V
D	E	N	M	A	R	K
H	O	L	L	A	N	D

Solution to yesterday's  
European Countries Puzzle.

When the king first expressed his wish to me, I made known to him by utter abhorrence of the measure, and worked myself into such a state of excitement, that he absolutely stared at me in amazement. It evidently surpassed his majesty's comprehension how any sober-minded and sensible individual could entertain the least possible objection to so beautifying an operation.

Soon afterwards he repeated his suggestion, and meeting with a like repulse, showed some symptoms of displeasure at my obduracy. On his a third time renewing his request, I plainly perceived that something must be done, or my visage was ruined for ever; I therefore screwed up my courage to the sticking point, and declared my willingness to have both arms tattooed from just above the wrist to the shoulder.

His majesty was greatly pleased at the proposition, and I was congratulating myself with having thus compromised the matter, when he intimated that as a thing of course my face was first to undergo the operation. I was fairly driven to despair; nothing but the utter ruin of my "face divine," as the poets call it, would, I perceived, satisfy the inexorable Mehevi and his chiefs, or rather that infernal Karky, for he was at the bottom of it all.

The only consolation afforded me was a choice of patterns: I was at perfect liberty to have my face spanned by three horizontal bars, after the fashion of my serving-man's; or to have as many oblique stripes slanting across it: or, if, like a true courtier, I chose to model my style on that of royalty, I might wear a sort of freemason badge upon my countenance in the shape of a mystic triangle. However, I would have none of these, though the king most earnestly impressed upon my mind that my choice was wholly unrestricted. At last, seeing my unconquerable

repugnance, he ceased to importune me.

For several days after entering the valley I had been saluted at least fifty times in the twenty-four hours with the talismanic word "Taboo" shrieked in my ears, at some gross violation of its provisions, of which I had unconsciously been guilty. The day after our arrival I happened to hand some tobacco to Toby over the head of a native who sat between us. He started up, as if stung by an adder; while the whole company, manifesting an equal degree of horror, simultaneously screamed out "Taboo!"

I never again perpetrated a similar piece of ill-manners, which, indeed, was forbidden by the canons of good breeding, as well as by the mandates of the taboo. But it was not always so easy to perceive wherein you had contravened the spirit of this institution. I was many times called to order, if I may use the phrase, when I could not for the life of me conjecture what particular offence I had committed.

One day I was strolling through a secluded portion of the valley, and hearing the musical sound of the cloth-mallet at a little distance, I turned down a path that conducted me in a few moments to a house where there were some half-dozen girls employed in making tappa. This was an operation I had frequently witnessed, and had handled the bark in all the various stages of its preparation.

On the present occasion the females were intent upon their occupation, and after looking up and talking gaily to me for a few moments, they resumed their employment. I regarded them for awhile in silence, and then, carelessly picking up a handful of the material that lay around, proceeded unconsciously to pick it apart.

While thus engaged, I was suddenly startled by a scream like that of a whole boarding-school of young ladies just on the point of going into hysterics. Leaping up with the idea of seeing a score of Happar warriors about to perform anew the Sabine atrocity, I found myself confronted by the company of girls, who, having dropped their work, stood before me with starting eyes, swelling bosoms, and fingers pointed in horror towards me.

Thinking that some venomous reptile must be concealed in the bark which I held in my hand, I began cautiously to separate and examine it. Whilst I did so the horrified girls redoubled their shrieks.

Their wild cries and frightened

## JANE

By HERMAN  
MELVILLE

In the same way a pipe, which the king had bestowed upon me, was rendered scared in the eyes of the natives, none of whom could I ever prevail upon to smoke from it. The bowl was encircled by a woven band of grass, somewhat resembling those Turks' heads occasionally worked in the handles of our whip-stalks.

A similar badge was once braided about my wrist by the royal hand of Mehevi himself, who, as soon as he had concluded the operation, pronounced me "Taboo." This occurred shortly

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our  
Roving Cameraman

## NATURE'S WASHTUB IN ICELAND.

There is one benefit of living in Iceland, and that is the hot springs that Nature provides. These may be described as natural laundries. They save fuel, anyway, and the local housewives take advantage of the generosity of the natural washtub.

making was of a peculiar kind, destined to be worn on the heads of the females, and through every stage of its manufacture was guarded by a vigorous taboo, which interdicted the whole masculine gender from even so much as touching it.

Frequently in walking through the groves I observed bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees, with a wreath of leaves twined in a peculiar fashion about their trunks. This was the mark of the taboo. The trees themselves, their fruit, and even the shadows they cast upon the ground, were consecrated by its presence.

after Toby's disappearance; and were it not that from the first moment I had entered the valley the natives had treated me with uniform kindness, I should have supposed that their conduct afterwards was to be ascribed to the fact that I received this sacred investiture.

The capricious operations of the taboo are not its least remarkable feature: to enumerate them all would be impossible. Black hogs—infants to a certain age—women in an interesting situation—young men while the operation of tattooing their faces is going on—and

Continued on Page 3.

ODD  
CORNER

FOR generations the Chester shoemakers presented a 3s. 6d. football to the drapers every Shrove Tuesday. Then, from a space outside the city, a free-for-all football match raged to the Common Hall, windows and doors getting smashed and pates broken. This annual match was called off in the 17th century.

A variety of football which was once played regularly between Norfolk and Suffolk was called "Camping." The huge teams of 300 a side gathered on Diss Common, and there followed a sort of free fight. On one occasion a small boy got hold of the ball and sneaked off with it, but that didn't stop the match. On it went, and there were only nine deaths recorded a fortnight later.

No wonder football has been declared illegal no less than four times. The bans imposed by Edward II, Richard II, Henry IV, and Henry VIII are still on the Statute Book, and, if anybody chose to enforce the law to-day, all the players and all the spectators at every football match could be prosecuted.

But football has altered during the last century or so, and it is not likely to revert to its original form. In 1942, both Germans and Italians tried to alter the game to suit their own "tank tactics" (as the Nazis called them), but without success. The Germans proposed teams of 13 a side, consisting of six forwards, two quarter-backs, three half-backs, one full-back and a goalkeeper. The Italians plumped for alterations to the rules of play, and tried out their panzer ideas in the infamous "Bloody International" at the Arsenal Ground in 1934. It was not a success. We had a tank-buster in Wilfred (Concrete) Copping, and after a few encounters with him the Italian Monti sneaked off the field so stealthily that no one saw him go!

## Who is it?

He was born in New Zealand. Came to England in 1919. The working tools of his profession are Bristol board, brush and ink. Invented a famous Colonel who is addicted to Turkish baths and physical jerks. Said Colonel is named after a means of aerial locomotion and observation. Who is he?

(Answer on Page 3)

## MIXED DOUBLES

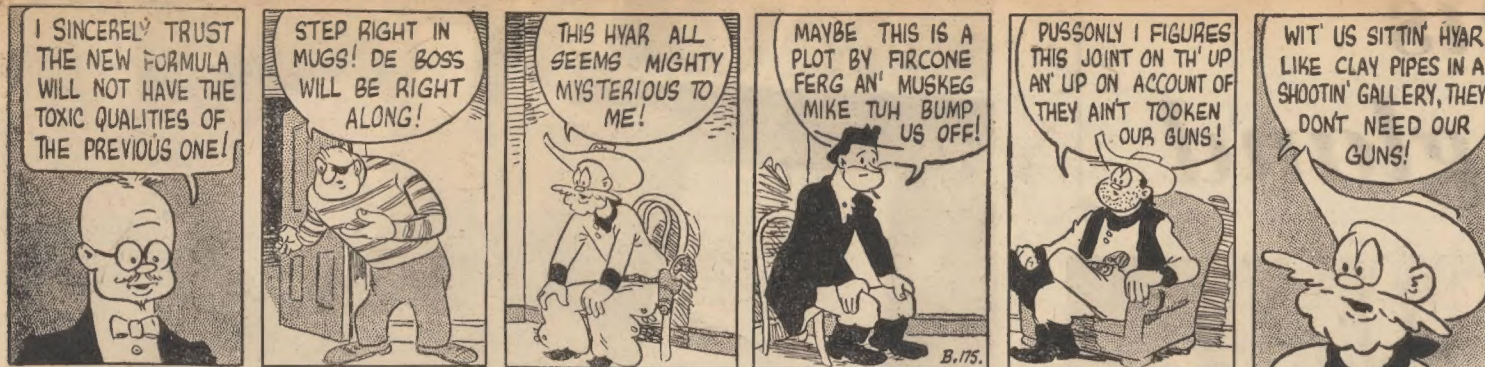
Two more games, two more things connected with them.

- (a) MELT SQUARE CLOT.
- (b) HE PLUCKS ROOK.

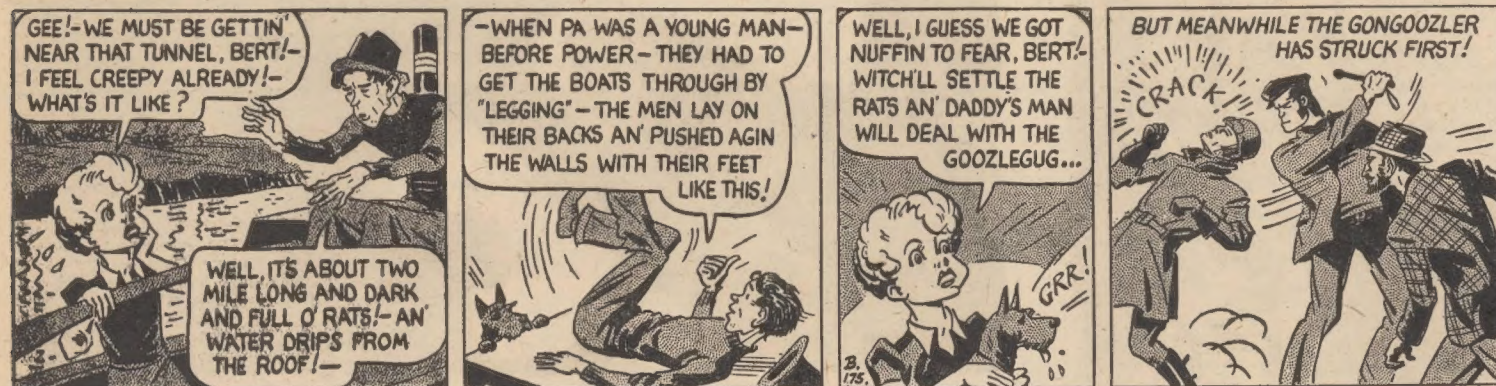
(Answers on Page 3)



## Beelzebub Jones



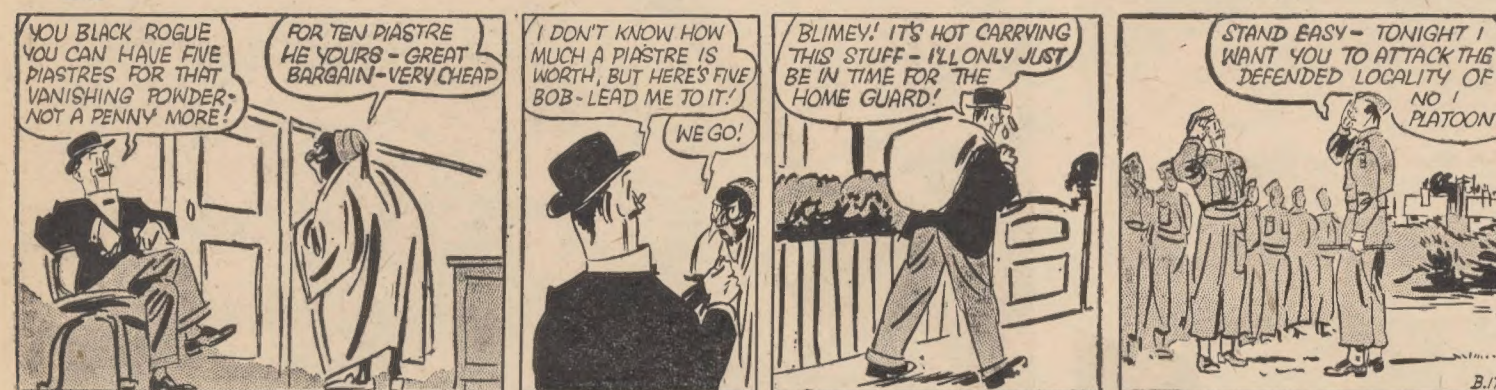
## Belinda



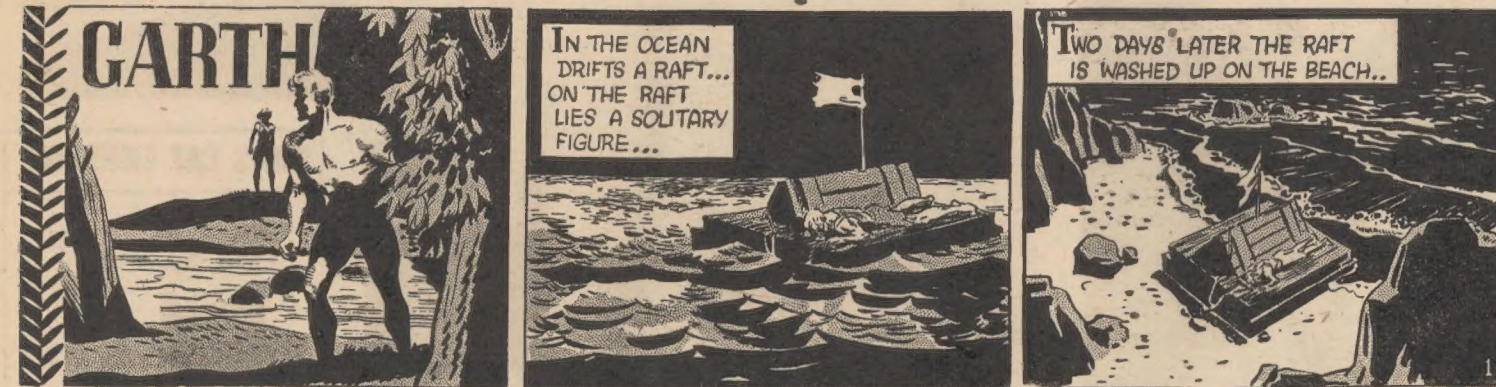
## Popeye



## Ruggles



## Garth



## TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

certain parts of the valley during the continuance of a shower—are alike fenced about by the operation of the taboo.

The word itself (taboo) is used in more than one signification. It is sometimes used by a parent to his child, when, in the exercise of parental authority, he forbids it to perform a particular action. Anything opposed to the ordinary

customs of the islanders, although not expressly prohibited, is said to be "taboo."

The Typee language is one very difficult to be acquired; it bears a close resemblance to the other Polynesian dialects, all of which show a common origin. The duplication of words, as "lumee lumee" "poe poe," "muee muee," is one of their peculiar features. But another, and a more annoying one, is the different senses in which one and the same word is employed; its various meanings all have a

certain connection, which only makes the matter more puzzling.

So one brisk, lively little word is obliged, like a servant in a poor family, to perform all sorts of duties. For instance—one particular combination of syllables expresses the ideas of sleep, rest, reclining, sitting, leaning, and all other things in any way analogous thereto, the particular meaning being shown chiefly by a variety of gestures, and the eloquent expression of the countenance.

Although these savages are re-

markably fond of chanting, still they appear to have no idea whatever of singing, at least as the art is practised among other nations.

I never shall forget the first time I happened to roar out a stave in the presence of the noble Mehevi. It was a stanza from the "Bavarian Broom-seller." His Typean majesty, with all his court, gazed upon me in amazement, as if I had displayed some preternatural faculty which Heaven had denied to them.

The king was delighted with the verse; but the chorus fairly trans-

ported him. At his solicitation, I sang it again and again, and nothing could be more ludicrous than his vain attempts to catch the air and the words.

The royal savage seemed to think that by screwing all the features of his face into the end of his nose, he might possibly succeed in the undertaking, but it failed to answer the purpose; and in the end he gave it up, and consoled himself by listening to my repetition of the sounds fifty times over.

Besides the sticks and the

drums, there are no other musical instruments among the Typees, except one which might appropriately be called a nasal flute. (Continued to-morrow).

Solution to Allied Ports.  
BOSTON.

Answers to Mixed Doubles.  
(a) CROQUET & MALLETS.  
(b) POLO & CHUKKERS.

Answer to WHO IS IT?  
LOW.

## A Dead Shot

By F. W. THOMAS

PERFORMING fleas are clever; so are circus horses and men who do card tricks. Einstein is clever. So is Professor Huxley. And flies who walk on the ceiling. While as for Dr. Joad—

But let us consider the Liver Pill. You have, we will assume, been on a binge, a birthday, or other jamboree; and next morning is, as usual, the same old next morning. Nasty taste, spots before the eyes, goose-pimples at the sight of food. . . . You know what I mean.

You take a Liver Pill, followed by a chaser. And that inanimate spheroid knows exactly what is expected of it. Down it goes, all through those tortuous tubes, those dark inside cupboards, those twisty turnings, by-passes, and arterial roads; on and on, until at long last it arrives at its destination, your liver.

Never does a Liver Pill slip up, if it is a good Liver Pill. Never does it take the wrong turning, and barge into your sweet-breads or butt into your appendix. With unerring instinct, straight to your liver it goes.

How does the Pill know where to go? How does it find its way through all those dark underground tubes, and pipes, and plumbing? It's marvellous.

It really is. I mean to say, you can talk about H. G. Wells and G. B. Shaw and Lord Beaverbrook, but for sheer, sparkling cleverness give me a Liver Pill. . . . And since tribute must be paid, pass me the shawm and sackbut, for I would sing.

### IN PRAISE OF THE PILL.

I know the times and seasons of the planets in the sky,  
And where flies go in winter-time, and how and when and why;  
I'm learned in geology, and know about the fossils, too;  
Of bees and bugs and beetles I'm the keenest of apostles, too.  
I know why onions make us cry, why crocodiles shed tears;  
And whether it is really true that earwigs wig our ears.  
I know the life and habits of the Muffin and the Moose;  
With lots of other knowledge that is not a bit of use.  
And yet to learn one little thing with long-ing I'm a-quiver—  
How does the Little Liver Pill know where to find your liver?

## CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11				12		13			
14						15			
16				17	18			19	
20			21		22		23		
			24	25					26
	27	28					29	30	31
32				33		34		35	
36			37			38	39		
40						41			
42								43	

### CLUES DOWN.

1 Fishing boots. 2 Swarming. 3 Concluding. 4 Sheep. 6 Chatters. 7 Turn coat. 8 Choose. 9 Tricks. 10 Sing with rhythm. 12 A cabbage knave. 18 Pointed. 21 Bark. 23 Fresh. 25 Centre. 26 Tooth stopping. 27 Ability. 28 Cross. 30 Scene of contest. 31 Part of helmet. 32 Ram down. 34 Triumphed. 37 Beam. 39 Command.

### CLUES ACROSS.

1 Fragrant whiff. 5 Un-gainly attitude. 11 Foreign. 13 Circle spokes. 14 Australian dog. 15 Coral reef. 16 Girl's name. 17 Mouse-like creature. 19 Favourite. 20 Depend. 22 Foreign coins. 24 Divert. 27 Small bird. 29 Roller. 32 Rocky hilltop. 33 Moisture. 35 Edge. 36 Adjudge. 38 Fat. 40 Road-making stone. 41 Silk fabric. 42 Hunted. 43 Pointed missile.

S. MODAL HEM  
LIONEL MULE  
ARTICLE LID  
CROOK HALMA  
KERNEL TOIL  
L. DAB N  
JETS MUSCAT  
AVOWS SPITE  
PAD OCTAVES  
ENDS OLDEST  
STY SWEETLY



**Good Morning**

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

# *This England*



May not be what you would call an ideal situation for a motorist, but one must admit that this scene from Berkhamstead, Herts, is typically English.

## CAT— ASTROPHE

'Say, what are you staring at me for? Just because a kitten breaks a leg and has to wear a doggon' splint, you don't have to make a curio of me. Guess this makes me the hero of the family, so what?



Mrs. Doris James, wife of A.B. Seaman Geo. James, plays one of her husband's favourite tunes, and in case there's any doubt about it, we may say that the tune happens to be "My Devotion," and very appropriate too.



What we would call "The Compleat Angler." Maybe Izaak Walton would disagree, but then, he'd never met Laraine Day, young Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer star. Anyway we're more concerned with the "bait" at this end of the rod.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"No good Miss—  
I don't like worms."

